

5 *Eng. Poetry vol 65.*

THE  
SADDUCEE:

A  
POEM.

OCCASIONED BY SEVERAL PUBLICATIONS,

AND PARTICULARLY

DISQUISITIONS relating to MATTER and SPIRIT,  
By JOSEPH PRIESTLEY, L.L.D. F.R.S.

*K*

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A wond'rous Animal! Walk in, and view him — —  
Walk in—Walk in—Your Shilling, and I'll shew him.

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L O N D O N:

Printed by J. W. PASHAM, BLACK-FRIARS;  
And Sold by FIELDING and WALKER, Pater-Noster-Row.  
MDCCLXXVIII.



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A wonderful Animal! Walk in and view him —  
Walk in — Walk in — Your Selling, and I'll show him.

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MDCCLXXXVII.



TO  
THE MOST EXCELLENT,  
INTELLIGENT,  
IMMATERIAL,  
AND  
IMMORTAL,  
SOUL OF MAN,

THE FOLLOWING POEM

IS

MOST HUMBLY INSCRIBED

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ITS EXCELLENCY'S

MOST OBLIGED,

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MOST DEVOTED,

SERVANT,

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# S A D D U C E E.

**W**HAT shall I call him? What can I believe,  
His Name to be? Or how A Name conceive,  
Expressive of his Nature?—Self—defin'd—  
He's wholly Matter, motion'd into Mind;  
Matter, that's Self-combin'd, condens'd, compress'd, 5  
Self-form'd, Self-fashion'd, solely Self-impres'd.  
Resemblance, thou, of many another Creature,  
In Shape—In Size—In Gesture—and in Feature,  
From Quadrupeds distinct, thy Form and Figure;  
Less than an ELEPHANT, than MONKEY bigger: 10  
Sometimes I see thee, with the former share  
His fam'd Sagacity—Anon compare



Thy quaint *Risibile*,—Thy Shrug and Chatter—  
To the well known Atchievements of the Latter.  
Yet there's a *Something* in thy Head and Shape,  
Will prove thee neither Elephant nor Ape.

15

What art Thou? Tell us—Let thy Definition  
Explain thy Origin, and thy Condition.  
Made How? And What? And Why? give Demonstration;  
And, like *St. Austin*, Thou'lt convert a Nation.

20

Now move his joints, as by Mechanic Powers—  
Rising erect! Now o'er my Head he lours!  
With heighten'd Instep elevate, like Saul!  
Taller by Head and Shoulders than they all!  
Beckons all Christendom to clear his Way—  
Now Doctors hear, what wiser Doctors say.

25

“ First, be it known, that, if I grant Attention  
“ To ought thou say'st, it proves my Condescension.  
“ Rather I might thy Ignorance despise,  
“ Than humbly thus consent to make thee Wife.  
“ But as I love to shew my Penetration—  
“ And by my Wisdom mean to bless the Nation—  
“ To live immortal only in my Name—  
“ 'Twas thus” He said, then looking o'er his Frame—  
“ These several Atoms, with adhæfive Power,  
“ Through the *vast Void* spread like a vernal Shower;

30

35



- " Spontaneous they unite, till by their Weight—  
 " Or some inherent Law, they gravitate;  
 " Then by the Wind inflated as they fall;  
 " Vivid they light on this terraqueous Ball; 40  
 " Stop't to indulge their Weakness for a Season;  
 " Drank in their Mother's Milk—and drank in Reason;  
 " Improv'd, and brighten'd, as they grew in Age;  
 " Sometimes for Truth, mistook the sacred Page;  
 " With scientific Touch, repell'd the Cheat— 45  
 " Digesting Truth, as Ostiches their Meat;  
 " The brighter Page of Nature next explor'd;  
 " And, sometimes, meanly bow'd to Nature's *Lord*:  
 " Wiser they grew, as o'er the Earth they trod;  
 " And laught, at Superstition, and at God!— 50  
 " Such then am I; and wouldst thou know my Station?  
 " Consult my Volumes, and my Dedication (a)—  
 " And not thy Reason; nor thy Revelation!  
 " The last, will moral Weakness, Guilt, and Pride,  
 " Ascribe to Man, with many a Stain beside— 55  
 " Sooner than I'll be charg'd with such a Nature,  
 " I'll change my milk-white Skin and every Feature—  
 " I like the Name, 'tis true, but hate the Creature."

(a) See Dr. Priestley's Dedication of a Course of Lectures on Oratory and Criticism.



He said:—And instantly the Bible spurn'd!  
 And, from all human Kind, indignant turn'd! 60  
 And now, (as if on Babylonian Pride (*b*)  
 A new Experiment must needs be tried)  
 With brutal Proneness ponders o'er the Grass—  
 And, like to like!—Associates with an Ass;  
 With philosophic Touch divides his Skin; 65  
 And pleas'd with Things so new, He enters in:  
 Slightly surveys his Form (*c*), then shakes his Ears;  
 Brays through the Wilderness—Nor hopes, Nor fears.  
 To bound his roving, wisely fixt by Fate,—  
 Was that high Fence rais'd up; and at this Gate, 70  
 Plac'd by Authority, I stand to Day;  
 That ev'ry Man or Beast who comes this Way  
 May be examin'd, and his Quota pay. }  
 What Form is this—that meagre looks and lank—  
 Lean and ill-favour'd all, from Front to Flank? 75  
 An old patcht Bridle binds his pendant Jaws,  
 Which, some call Conscience—Others, Nature's Laws;  
 And on his Back, two Panniers fill'd with Scraps—  
 Of Laws, and Languages, and Charts, and Maps—  
 With theologic, scientific, Shreds,— 80  
 To help short Consciences, and shorter Heads:

(*b*) Dan iv. 25—32, 33. and v. 21.

(*c*) "Slightly surveys his Form"—'Tis pity—Since, however preposterous, the Figure of the Sadducee may appear to others, it would notwithstanding (no doubt) always appear amiable in his own Eyes.



Bubbles, and Bladders, and electric Fires—  
 For oft these Wares are hawk'd through all the Shires.  
 Now more erect he rais'd his reverend Head;  
 Approach'd the Gate and paus'd—Then sternly said— 85  
 “ Who? And what art thou? Thus athwart my Way,  
 “ To stop my Course—T' oppose my Will to Day?  
 “ Look on my Form and Features; thou may'st see,  
 “ That nothing will be paid; for I am free—  
 “ Dare not dispute my Claim, but let me pass; 90  
 “ Yes, I am free; for am I not an Afs?”  
 It may be so perhaps—But what am I—  
 If unexamin'd, I should pass thee by?  
 Jacob's Device surpass'd (*d*)! Here *Esfau's* Voice—  
 And *Esfau's* Hands; by Nature, and by Choice. 95  
 Now by thy Form erect, I'd been misled,  
 To call thee Man, with only Afs's Head.  
 I crave thy Mercy—should I thee miscall!  
 But, canst thou be an Afs; and yet so tall?  
 Language indeed was given to an Afs (*e*), 100  
 But then, 'tis plain—with him thou wilt not class—  
 He patient bore the Prophet! Not so Thou—  
 For Thou'lt no Prophet bear—Nor false—Nor true!  
 Here let me ponder thy mishapen Face—  
 In quest of Proof to ascertain thy Race. 105

(*d*) “ Jacob's Device surpass'd,” &c. Gen. xxvii. 22.

(*e*) “ Language indeed was given to an Afs.” Numb. xxii. 28—30.



Half-reasoning Animal, in quaint Disguise!  
 For Man, too foolish! And for Beast, too wise!  
 Hid from thyself indeed, and from those Creatures,  
 Who, like thyself, are badly skill'd in Features—  
 But I'm resolv'd to strip thy Ass's Skin, 110  
 And see how furnish'd are thy Parts within.  
*Dove (f)*! Art thou dead? Let me assume thy Shears—  
 They well apply'd, would crop this Ass's Ears.  
 Long have they stood, the keen satyric Jest  
 Of coifed Justice, and the mitred Priest! 115  
 Still seen at C—t on many a plummy Head,  
 (Whence nothing wise is heard, nor honest said)  
 Spread wide to catch the floating Adulation—  
 Of Pension'd Sycophants, who Plague the Nation—  
 And suck the Sweets of this devoted Isle— 120  
 Like swarms of Locusts, o'er the Land of Nile.  
 Peace to thy Reign—*Great George!* But *greater* far—  
 Those swarms dispers'd!—And hush the Din of War!  
 Stop—Stop—Digressive Muse! Attend thy Task—  
 This heterogeneal Animal unmask. 125

As for thine upper Garb of plushy Hair;  
 This by the *Shaver (g)* shall be shorn quite bare.

(f) John Dove; late a Taylor in London, who was wont to apply his Shears to the Ears of Socinians and Deists.

(g) The Author of a celebrated Pamphlet so intitled, is said to have an excellent Talent for shaving this kind of Animals.



Howe'er conceal'd thy true Contents have been,  
 Now stript, thy Nakedness shall all be seen.  
 Whate'er thou art, thy Pride admits of none,  
 Whose Dignity or Worth excels thine own:  
 A Compliment thou'lt pay, yet sorely grudge it,  
 That One in human Form, should dare to Judge it;  
 Should dare decide on future, by the past;  
 First prove thy Pride, then punish it at last. 135

If GOD himself the Judge of Nations be (b);  
 Yet with one Voice his Prophets all agree—  
 The SON OF MAN, shall Judge the Quick and Dead (i) !  
 And of this SON OF MAN, thou might'st have read—  
 “ I search the Heart—And I the Reins do try— 140  
 “ I am the Judge—And Men shall know 'tis I (k) !”  
 Yet such thine Arrogance, thou wilt not see  
 That GOD is Judge HIMSELF (l), and bow the Knee !  
 Nor wilt thou yield the “ Balance and the Rod (m)”  
 To “ A Child born,” though stil'd—The “ MIGHTY GOD (n) !” 145  
 Idolaters we own they surely be,  
 Who worship One, no more a God than Thee (o) ;\*

(b) Isaiah ii. 4.

(i) Acts x. 42.

(k) Rev. ii. 23.

(l) Psalm l. 6.

(m) Pope's Ef. on Man.

(n) Isa. ix. 6.

(o) The Sadducee, speaking of Jesus, says, “He is only a Man like ourselves.” Dr. Priestley's Prel. Disc. on Church Discip. Page 31.

\* N. B. The Author apologizes for the Use of the accusative Case by Poetica Licentia.



But if the *Lord from Heaven* they confess;  
 And view, thee, as a Man, or something less:—  
 If, as a *quick'ning Spirit*, they adore (p) 150  
 That God, whom Angels worshipp'd long before (q);—  
 Must they for *this*, incur thy hot Displeasure?  
 Be gibbeted, like Thieves for stealing Treasure?  
 Must they for *this*, bear thy Contempt, and Scorn,—  
 As if the meerest Fools that e'er were born? 155  
 How runs thy Patent? Where's the exclusive Right,  
 To Wisdom—Or to intellectual Sight?  
 Insufferably *Vain!* We ne'er consented—  
 That thou shouldst nod, and we should bow contented.  
 But Fools we must be, till thou mak'st us Wise; 160  
 And blind as Bats, must ask the Owl for Eyes.  
 What tho' this Owl, in Sunshine cannot see,  
 And hides from Daylight, in a hollow Tree,  
 Yet such his visual Powers, that in the Night,  
 While others grope their Way, he soars in Light! 165  
 Echoes through all the Gloom, his "Ho! Ho! Hoo!"—  
 As if he laughing, cry'd—"What Fools are you?"—  
 Again he laughs, and says—"I give you warning,  
 That ye are Fools—And I'm the Owl of Learning!"  
 Oft have I seen thee turn these Panniers o'er, 170  
 And sell thy *Penny Nostrums* (r) by the Score;

(p) 1 Cor. xv 47.

(q) Heb. i. 6.—Matth. iv. 11.—Mark i. 13.

(r) "I had rather continue under censure than join in a Prayer to encourage such Tenets as Dr. Priestley has published in his *Penny and Two-penny* Pamphlets which are circulated to



Suited to all Necessities, and Seasons ;  
 And neatly pack'd, in Arguments and Reasons—  
 Religious Sentiments—and Practice plain,—  
 With large Allowance, if they sell again. 175  
 Just like some Pedlar, who, to vend his Wares,  
 Exhibits them, at Markets, and at Fairs;  
 Or, some blind Fidler, under *Bedlam Wall*;  
 Buy but his Song, he'll give you Tune and all.

Canst thou not bear the Meanness of my Stile! 180  
 Sometimes thou'lt blush with Rage, and sometimes smile.  
 Who can such mean—such sorry Strains forbear,—  
 When such a sorry Subject, leads him there!

'Tis now high Time to strip thee of thy Skin;  
 Let it be neatly dress'd, and smooth, and thin,— 185  
 'Twill serve to write thy present Thoughts upon,  
 Then with a Touch, they're all wip'd off and gone.  
 And if fresh Humours in thy Head should gather,  
 Thou may'st again record them on this Leather.  
 Take my Advice; and henceforth, on this Vellum, 190  
 Write all thy Nostrums down, before thou sell 'em.  
*Verbum sat sapienti*—This may be  
 A useful Hint, for *Lindsey* and for Thee.

draw the Minds of Thousands in our Nation from the common Faith." Free Thoughts on  
 the late Application of some Dissenting Ministers to Parliament. By *Edward Hitchin*, B. D.  
 Page 26.



Art Thou a Critic?—We admire thy Skill—  
 Though Theologic Subjects suit thee ill, 195  
 And sometimes plague thee—Yet thou wilt not drop them,  
 But wrap them up in Logic, and then chop them.  
 To hear thee talk of *Major*, and of *Minor*,  
 Nothing, except thy *Ergos*, can be finer :  
 For, if the Bible thy proud Scheme opposes, 200  
 Thou'lt twine its Words about, like waxen Noses.  
 The sacred Penmen shall both great and small,  
 Just speak *thy Sense*—Or speak *no Sense at all*.  
 Sometimes their Diction is so far beneath  
 Thy better Stile—That Gravel in thy Teeth 205  
 Would not offend thee more!—And then if Truth,  
 Should touch thy Palate—Thou wouldst wash thy Mouth.  
 In short, to see thee handle *Revelation*,  
 Reminds me of some *Vulcan* in his Station :  
 First in that Word compared by God to *Fire (s)*, 210  
 Thou'lt put whate'er thy Purpose doth require;  
 Flatulent Powers exert, that more intense  
 The Flame may burn ;—then snatch the Bolt from thence,  
 Not with thy naked Hand, (*t*) lest it should burn it,  
 But rather with thy Tongue, (*u*) that thou may'st turn it; 215  
 Hammer it thin, and then 'tis form'd with Ease,  
 To *this*, or *that*, or *t'other*, as you please;

(s) Jerem. xxiii. 29.

(t) Faith.

(u) Carnal Mind, or *φάρμακον σαρκος*.



Next in thy Vice, (x) put the rough Text and screw it;  
 Then file it well, and polish it, and shew it.  
 If after all, thy Labour be in vain;  
 It proves thou art no Workman—That is plain.

Ill-fated Thing—Who mov'd thee from thy Fort,  
 Put out thine Eyes, and then to make us Sport  
 Like Samson, led, and plac'd thee in the Temple,  
 That Men might see the wise and strong look simple?  
 Thou too, like Him, hast bow'd with all thy Might (y),  
 Against its Pillars of enormous Weight,  
 Yet still unmov'd—They by divine Decree,  
 Shall never fall, until they fall on Thee!  
 Dreadful Experiment! And wilt thou try,  
 How Guilt, with most Solemnity, may die  
 To live, or die, like others, were beneath thee;  
 If thou must die, a Nation shall die with thee:  
 Such is thy Wish, that ere thyself be dead,  
 The Church o'er-turned may fall about thy Head;  
 And, like thy Betters, thou hast nobly strove,  
 Satanic Wiles should its Foundation move.  
 Long hast thou labour'd to remove that Stone,  
 Employing Powers far better than thine own;  
 Yet thou'rt but badly skill'd in engineering,  
 To hope to move that Stone by domineering.

(x) Philosophical Criticism.

(y) Judges xvi. 30.



*Vain* Man! And *Vain* thy Works! If Man thou be—  
 Vain all thine Efforts! Hear the *great Decree*—  
 Not thy Device—Nor all the Powers of Hell—  
 To move that solid Rock, shall e'er prevail. 245

Yet, spite of Heaven!—Will this proud Emmet nibble?  
 And, spite of Earth!—Thy vanquish'd Pen will quibble:  
 Out of thine Element, just like a Fish,  
 That not quite dead, will flutter in the Dish,  
 With all his Efforts, yet he cannot swim;  
 Now, in Divinity, thou'rt just like Him.  
 Hadst thou contented wrapt thy Skull in Wire; (z)  
 And fill'd thy Cranium with electric Fire;  
 Had thy Head been a leaden Bottle made,  
 And like a Censer by Mass-Priest display'd:  
 The like Effect had follow'd Him and Thee;  
 Shock'd, or Enchanted, all had bow'd the Knee.  
 Or if, like Him, half-shorn, pent in some Cloister,  
 Encrusted with thick Walls, like *Milton Oyster*,  
 Thou'dst steep'd thy Brains in fixt and stagnant Air,\*  
 Then from thy Cell, hadst made Discoveries rare,  
 We all, with one Consent, on such Occasion,  
 Proclaim thy Wisdom better for the Nation,  
 Than Bulls, or Beads, or Transubstantiation.

(z) See Dr. Priestley's History and present State of Electricity.

\* See Dr. Priestley on fixt Air.



But since no Admonitions can persuade thee, 265  
 Nor Love of Man—Nor Fear of *Him* that made thee,  
 To keep thy Distance, nor approach, unmeet,  
 To *Holy Ground* with dirty Hands and Feet,  
 We give thee up, as common and unclean,  
 And in thy Company will not be seen; 270  
 Unless it happen on some like Occasion,  
 That thou should'st pass a fresh Examination.

Now to thy inward Part, I make my Way,  
 And now expose thy Heart, in Beams of Day!  
 On these thy mental Powers, (who stately sit, 275  
 And proudly scorn all Points, but Points of Wit,  
 Clad like Leviathan, in *Scales* of Pride)  
 Each smother Weapon, may in vain be try'd;  
 Mine of a rougher Sort, tho' not so keen,  
 Dissects thy Liver, and extracts the Spleen. 280  
 Now dip thy pliant Finger, in that Gall,  
 And, with a *Feather*—Thou wilt kill us all!  
 For what are We? Our Heads—Our Hearts—Our Faces?  
 One Stroke from Thee would turn us all to Asses!  
 Yet we acknowledge, thou art grown so civil— 285  
 What e'er thou mak'st us, thou'lt not make a *Devil*!  
 That non-existent Bugbear form'd at Schools,  
 To frighten Children, Usurers, and Fools.



Hobgoblins, Spirits, are not in thy Creed;  
Nor wilt thou fear them in Thought, Word, or Deed. 290

In former Battles, thou hast Quarter given;  
And suffer'd Spirits, both in Earth, and Heaven:  
Thinking it might suffice thee, for a Season,  
To strip all Men, except thyself, of Reason.  
Now more conspicuous to shew thy Merit, 295  
Thou'lt fight, with great, nor small, except a Spirit;  
Nor shall thine Excellence, on such Occasion,  
Brook Victory,—less than total Extirpation.

As for our Bodies,—they can ne'er provoke  
Thy giant Arm, on them to lay one Stroke: 300  
Then let them live—for thou'lt not kill a Flie,—  
Asham'd to kill, what of itself must die.

Mean was the Wrath of *Israel's jealous King*,  
That could at *such a Mark* his Jav'lin fling—  
Yes, mean indeed, that Mighty Monarch's Rage— 305  
Scorned be the Meanness, that could stoop t' engage  
In such a Strife!—Where nothing could be won,—  
And nothing lost—except he lost a Son!  
What could the Triumph of that Monarch be?  
A Triumph o'er a Dog—Or o'er a Flea! 310  
What, tho' the Youth had rous'd the latent Flame,  
Of jealous Hate, by earning wonderful Fame!



What, tho' the Trump of Fame had spread abroad  
 His Name, as greatly lov'd by Israel's God!  
 We grant thee still; 'twas mean in Israel's King,  
 At David's Heart, a Javelin to fling!  
 Had it been thine, to wield a Monarch's Sword,  
 Thy potent Arm had struck at David's Lord!  
 Puissant Chieftain! Who e'er saw thy Like?  
 Less than Immortals thou wilt scorn to strike!  
 Astonish'd—I behold, how thy great Plan  
 Annihilates Divinity in Man!  
 Reduces to thine Equal, *David's God*!—  
 Then both Thyself and Him, down to a Clod!  
 How my Soul shudders at thy dreadful Arm—  
 Which spreads thro' Heaven and Earth, such wild Alarm!  
 JEHOVAH—*David's Lord*—and *David's Son*—  
 Th' *Immortal God Incarnate*—quite undone!  
 Next, thy own Soul annihilate, and gone!

Thou matchless Warrior! It can ne'er be said,  
 How vast the Desolation thou hast spread!  
 Resemblance great of what some strangely tell—  
 Of Lucifer—The potent Prince of Hell!  
 Like Him, whose Region, it is said, is dark!  
 And like Him too, who loves a lofty Mark!  
 Like Him thou art—and shalt thou not inherit  
 Thy Father's Portion?—Tho' He be a Spirit—



Still thou art like Him! Yes, more like Him, rather—  
 For if a Spirit—Thou wouldst kill thy Father  
 Transcendent Prowess, and Transcendent Fame,  
 Shall mark thy Measures; and exalt thy Name!  
 Beneath thy Stroke, immortal Souls shall groan!  
 And Zion's King shall tumble from his Throne—  
 Shouldst Thou prevail! But, should it prove that still,  
 Nor God—Nor Man—will deign t' obey thy Will;  
 That all thy Works have ineffectual been—  
 Thy Heart would sicken; and then die with Spleen.

Thou Prodigy of Prodigies! Come, let me view thee—  
 And to astonish'd Worlds, then let me shew thee.

On thy high Forehead, Wisdom sits demure;  
 While close behind, proud Folly dwells secure.  
 That placid Smile, assum'd as suits thee best,  
 A Contrast to the Tumults in thy Breast:

Where Passions—Powers and Principles at Strife  
 Prey on each other—Live by taking Life.  
 Faith hung in Chains, for stealing Reason's Right;  
 Reason run mad, for want of second Sight;  
 Hope finds no Shelter, tho' She's really poor:  
 And Charity begs Alms from Door to Door:  
 Poor sickly Virtue, here, reclines her Head;  
 And Honesty half-starv'd, for want of Bread:



Humility despis'd, for looking mean ·  
 And Pride fits Regent as a Mighty Queen :  
 Fear lurks behind, regardless of thy Rod,  
 And bites thy Heart, as thou the Heel of God ; 365  
 Conceit, with wooden Legs, and palsy'd Hands,  
 And two glass Eyes, bent o'er a Crutch he stands,  
 For Credit's sake, claims Science for his Name,  
 Then laughs at Ignorance, as blind and lame.

A wonderful Animal! Walk in, and view him— 370  
 Walk in—Walk in—Your Shilling, and I'll shew him.  
 See—Here are Hands, like your's ; and Head, and Eyes!  
 'Tis only *Animal*—Yet wonderful *Wife*.  
 Such is his Wisdom—Such his Penetration—  
 All Mysteries fly before his Demonstration. 375  
 He will with greatest Certainty explain  
 What can't be comprehended in your Brain!  
 He shall define what else had ne'er been known,  
 The Mode of God's Existence and his own !  
 He'll prove, that none of Woman born can be 380  
 United to the Godhead more than he!  
 So long the Paths of Science he has trod,  
 That now, by searching, he can find out God !  
 And comprehend in his capacious Thought,  
 How God, or does exist, or how he ought ! 385



Sagacious Animal! Let us behold  
 Thy Talent, sacred Myſteries to unfold.  
 Come—Firſt declare, that, having deign'd to ſound  
 Of human Learning all the vaſt Profound!  
 And, as familiar been with Revelation, 390  
 As any Saint in this or other Nation;  
 Thou, with deciſive Certainty, canſt tell,  
 The import of that Word IMMANUEL (z).  
 Firſt, then, before it means not God with us!  
 Nor yet an *Angel*—That were ſomething worſe! 395  
*Sic ſtat ſententia*—Hear his Sentence then,  
 He is with us *A Man like other Men (a)!*  
 Nay ſtart not! He ſhall more excite your Wonder,  
 And ſcare you more than a loud Clap of Thunder!  
 Fear ye a Judgment? Hope ye an Hereafter? 400  
 He ſmiles at *this!*—And *that* provokes his Laughter!  
 Till *this*—or *that* ſhall happen, great the While,  
 Not at thoſe *Facts*, but at their *Dates* he'll ſmile:  
 Full Proof, he dreads a future evil Day,  
 And, for that Reason, puts it far away; 405

(z) Should the Sadducee be offended with the Mixture of the Grave and Chearful, the Serious and Ridiculous, in this Poem; my Apology ſhall be—That, as I think him dispos'd to be uncivil to my *Soul*, and my SAVIOUR—"I have behav'd to him as I happen'd to be affected at the Time"—And this I have learnt from the Sadducee himſelf. Pref. to Diſq. Rela. to Mat. and Spir. By *Joſeph Priſtley*, L.L. D. F. R. S. Page 25.

(a) "He is only a Man like ourſelves." Dr. *Priſtley's* Prel. Diſc. on Chur. Diſcip. Page 31.



Yet let it not be thought the least Reflection  
 This Sadducee admits a Resurrection (*b*).  
 Take him for all in all, he's so uncommon—  
 His like shall ne'er be seen as born of Woman.

I've seen the black'ning Cloud spread o'er the Sky; 410  
 And Bolts resistless, from its Bosom fly!  
 The pallid Flash, quick thro' its trackless Way,  
 Pursue gross Matter, as its lawful Prey!  
 Unmov'd, as if all non-electric Glass,  
 I've seen, with aching Eyes, the Light'ning pass! 415  
 Ere taught by thee, to parcel out the Flame,  
 I play'd with Fire, and heal'd the Halt and Lane;  
 Yet, to this Moment, ne'er was half so shock'd,  
 As when by thee I saw my *Savior* mock'd!

Thy dauntless Pride, thro' each blaspheming Page, 420  
 Kindles my Wrath; and sanctifies my Rage!  
 Yet thine own Hand shall, for Immanuel's sake,  
 Thus on thy self most ample Vengeance take!  
 Thy Shafts shot upwards, aim'd at God the Son,  
 Fall on thyself; and thou art quite undone! 425

(*b*) Though in this Instance our *Sadducee* dissents from the Doctrine of those who were originally distinguished by that Name, he does not thereby forfeit that Distinction, while he evidently holds the great Peculiarity of their Sect—The Doctrine of Materialism, denying the Doctrine of Spirits, and the Immortality of the Soul.

I leave to others to determine, whether he does or not, evidently agree with that Sect in rejecting the greatest Part of the Bible, as a cunningly devised Fable; and misunderstanding, misapplying, and mutilating, the small Part that is acknowledged as Authentick.



If for thy Guilt be no atonement made,  
 (And there is none, if true what thou hast said)  
 Then hide thine Head—in dark Oblivion hide,  
 Thine hateful Head! Or, let this Scheme be try'd—  
 Abhorr'd *Annihilation*! That might charm— 430  
 If it could shield thee from JEHOVAH's Arm!  
 Spin out thy Vitals; weave thy Web compleat;  
 Wear it thro' Life; then for a winding Sheet:  
 All that thou hast; and all that thou canst have;  
 Is Folly's Plume—a Coffin, and a Grave. 435  
 Thy Bankrupt Soul—quite Pennyless, yet proud,  
 Would barter Heaven, for Feathers and a Shroud—  
 And like some Spendthrift, in his needy Season,  
 Who Credit pawns, for Arms to kill his Reason:  
 Thy Name; Parts; Credit; are exerted still; 440  
 Thy Name; Parts; Credit; and thy Soul; to kill!  
 Unhappy, tho' exempt from others Rage,  
 Thou on thyself, perpetual War dost wage!  
 With poignant Force hurl'd, thine inverted Darts  
 Transfix thine own, instead of others Hearts! 445  
 Where now thy boasted Charity Divine?  
 Hast thou no Pity on that Soul of thine?  
 That thinking, conscious, anxious, Power within!  
 Alas!—What dire Offence—What deadly Sin—  
 Inflames thine Anger? That thou'lt ne'er forgive 450  
 A Spirit! Nor permit a Soul to live!



All Hail! The Thief who only steals my Purse;  
 I can forgive the Theft, since 'tis no worse:  
 Should I be stript, by his rapacious Hand,  
 Of all my worldly Goods—of House and Land; 455  
 Should he demand, my Children, and my Wife,  
 And still unsatisfy'd, then take my Life;  
 Kinder by far, would such a Robber be,  
 Kinder by far, than thou hast been to me:  
 First of my God—next of my Soul bereft! 460  
 Thus rob'd by thee, alas, what have I left!

Shall I surrender tamely, without Quarrel?  
 No—No—the Thief shall rob me at his Peril!  
 Unless some special Privilege he pleads;  
 Some Patent to commit ungodly Deeds; 465  
 Some *Noli prosequi*, issu'd per Favour;  
 To stamp with Innocence, his Mal-behaviour;  
 Some Act of Parliament, to constitute  
 Him Judge infalliable to end Dispute.  
 Ah! Here it is—well, come, first let us read it; 470  
 And if it suits his Case, then let him plead it.

Provided always, and 'tis here enacted—  
 (To make thy Scheme compleat, and well compacted)  
 That with full Powers thy Reason be invested,  
 To try all Mysteries—howe'er attested; 475



Condemn those Fools, who lavish of Belief,  
 Will swallow Creeds as Gluttons swallow Beef!  
 All Mysteries are Lies; vain Lies at best;  
 Known, by the Want of thy *Probatum est*.  
 Yet I, a bold Transgressor of these Laws, 480  
 Shall surely be; except we add one Clause—  
 Let Reason judge of Truth; and then decide:  
 But first, thy Claim to Reason shall be tried.

Bright Reason's sole Proprietor! divine,  
 Th' exalted Character! But is it thine? 485  
 Then be my Oracle—for thou canst tell,  
 All I would know;—and satisfy me well,  
 In ev'ry Doubt; on Earth—on Heaven—or Hell.

The Laws of Matter first thou shalt explain;  
 And how—and whence—those Laws did first obtain. 490  
 Adhæfive Power—Repulsion,—and Attraction,  
 And if Inert—if not—whence—how—its Action:  
 Whether external Power at first, impress'd  
 Those Laws on Matter—motion'd, or at Rest:  
 And if its Properties are self-created; 495  
 Self plann'd—self-form'd—self-mov'd—cœval-dated.  
 Of Matter—Matter's Properties, and Laws,  
 Tell me the Origin—assign the Cause:  
 Say—was it Matter—Matter finer spun,  
 Form'd thy bright Genius,—and yon brighter Sun? 500



Is Matter self-existent—self-devis'd?  
 And in it Being, Life, and Thought compris'd?  
 Admit no Causes which thou canst not see,  
 Left Cause unseen, a Spirit chance to be!  
 The same in Nature,—are the trodden Clod— 505  
 The shining Sun—thy thinking Powers—and God?  
 Now tell me why, when Putrefaction reigns,  
 O'er all thy Frame, thine Eyes, thy Heart, thy Brains;  
 Thy Parts dispers'd, assemble in new Forms?  
 Once a Philosopher!—Now crawling Worms! 510  
 Explain each strange Transition if you please,  
 From crawling Worms, to Maggots in a Cheese!  
 Summon thy Reason, and then tell me why  
 That—crawls a Maggot!—And not soars a Flie!  
 Survey distinct with microscopie Sight, 515  
 The Parts and Powers of each lesser Mite;  
 Anatomize them—see if in their Brain,  
 Their great *Forefather's Wisdom* they retain!  
 Aside Conjecture—next thou shalt explain—  
 Their Blood, how first impell'd thro' every Vein: 520  
 Demonstrate next, how well 'tis understood,  
 Those living Millions floating in that Blood,—  
 From subtil Matter, reasoning Powers possess;—  
 Reason *abstract*, like thee;—but reason less.  
 Next, let the whole Arcana be disclos'd; 525  
 Atoms of countless Atoms first compos'd:



Then with decisive Proof, thou shalt declare,  
 Whether each Atom, first, was round or square.  
 No doubt thy Depth of Knowledge, so profound,—  
 Will prove that Atoms were not square, but round. 530  
 Tell me if Nature's Order has decreed  
 Matter's Existence should its Form precede?  
 Next by thy peerless philosophic Art—  
 Shew me an ultimate (c) component Part—  
 Of some gross Body, yet divided still, 535  
 In lesser Parts—and then with wonderful Skill,  
 Teach me good common Sense, and clear my Pate,  
 That, ultimate may seem, not ultimate!  
 Hail—matchless Reasoner! Come clear my Way,  
 On each dark Doubt shed thy refulgent Ray. 540  
 Since thou art Matter, it befits thee well,  
 To reason Spirits out of Heaven and Hell!  
 Tell them the wonderful Wisdom of a Worm  
 Has left no Work for Spirits to perform!  
 If thou be *Matter*, and thy ev'ry Thought, 545  
 From the Converse of Sense with Matter, brought;  
 Thy Disquisitions, Spirit to decry,  
 Proclaim thee Fool! And all thy Creed a Lie!  
 But thou art privileged above all other,  
 Thy Father to disown, and shame thy Mother! 550  
 Thy Birth confess'd from Matters labouring Womb:  
 Earth gave thee Birth; and Earth shall give a Tomb!



But by each sweating Brow, Earth pregnant swears,  
 That, without Help, Thee, nor thy Breed, she bears!  
 Plagu'd as thou art to prove thy Mother wed (*d*): 555  
 Thyself legitimate, well born and bred—  
 Indignant, ponder ancient Records o'er;  
 If still unsatisfy'd; then try once more—  
 Philosophy shall aid thee with full Proof,  
 Thyself, all other Asses—Head and Hoof— 560  
 Are like their MAKER (*e*)! Like as Son and Sire!  
 Father and Son!—Earth—Water—Air and Fire;  
 Nought else exists! nor wilt thou Kindred claim,  
 To ought but Matter, that from Matter came.

(*d*) Philosophers are at a loss to conceive how Matter and Spirit can be under mutual Influence; since they hold it an incontestible Truth, that Matter and Spirit are not possessed of any one common Property. Hence the Connection of Body and Soul, as material and immaterial Substances, is considered by some, as useless and incompatible: and the whole of Man is, by such, decisively adjudged to be Material.

And, because not able to conceive of an influential Connection between Matter and Spirit, some have gone so far as to assert, that the great Creator himself is not essentially immaterial.

It may be remarked, that, where the Reason of some Men is manifestly incompetent to explain the Mode of Facts—It is nevertheless, too often judged competent to disprove, or deny, the Facts themselves; as if there could be no Fact, that in the Mode of its being so, is incomprehensible to Reason.

(*e*) "Are like their Maker"! In spite of all the nice and subtil Distinctions of the Sadducee, he evidently contends that the Divine Essence *may* and *must* (as to its nature) be, not strictly and properly immaterial. Disqui. Page 134 to 155. And therefore it must be strictly and properly material; unless it be either strictly and properly both; or strictly and properly neither: i. e. nothing. Since it is not the first, it must be the second—at least till the Sadducee has made his Choice of one of the two Last.



Here let me Pause! And let this heaving Heart 565  
 Take one more View of Spirit e'er we part!  
 Humility forbid, I should contend  
 Incomprehensible to comprehend!  
 SPIRIT! To Spirit some Idea give,  
 Of Spirits! that without gross Matter live! 570  
 Thou that canst speak Conviction, tell me now,  
 That Spirits *are*! I will not ask thee *how*.  
 Thou art a Spirit (*f*)—do'st from Spirits claim,  
 That they in Worship, hallow all thy Name.  
 FATHER OF SPIRITS! Thou insulted God! 575  
 Shall Spirits minist'ring obey thy Nod,  
 And shall Man's guilty Soul so envious be,  
 To scorn its Nature, if at all like thee!

(*f*) "Thou art a Spirit"—"When our *Saviour* says, *John* iv. 24. God is a Spirit, and they  
 " that worship him, must worship him in Spirit and in Truth. There is no reference what-  
 " ever to the *immateriality* of the Divine Nature, but only to his *Intelligence* and *moral Perfec-*  
 " *tions*; and therefore requiring *Truth in the inward Part*, or a spiritual as opposed to a cor-  
 " poreal Homage." *Disqui.* Page 144, 145.—Here is a brilliancy of material Intelligence!  
 But my component Parts are so gross, that I cannot yet conceive (according to the material  
 System) of the Distinction, "a spiritual as opposed to a corporeal Homage;" unless I recur  
 to Page 129 of *Disqui.* &c. where I am explicitly informed that "the Word Spirit denotes  
 " nothing more than Breath or Life."

How happy I am, to be able to comprehend the Meaning of the Teacher who came from  
 God! which is plainly this: God is a Breath or Life, and they that worship him must worship  
 him in Breath or Life, and in Truth. Say not that the Word Spirit is applied to Man only,  
 in one of those Passages, since the same Word is applied to God and Man in the other. How  
 admirably this explains some other Passages, as *Heb.* xii. 9. Father of Breaths, or Lives.  
*Heb.* i. 14. Are they not all ministering Breaths, or Lives. *Eph.* iv. 30. Grieve not the  
 Holy Breath or Life of God! &c.



Patience thou art, whate'er thou art beside;  
And ah—How much thy Patience has been tried! 580  
Thy Throne insulted—And thy Spirit griev'd!  
And scarce one Word that thou hast spoke believ'd!

Now of the Sadducee I take my leave:  
His Foes may laugh—but Oh, his Friends will grieve (g).  
Attend ye Sadducees of ev'ry Size, 585  
The Great—the Small—the Foolish, and the Wise!  
For love of Matter, we beseech each Friend,  
A Brother's fun'ral Obsequies attend;  
A solemn Dirge, let us prepare, and ye,  
Shall be the Mourners—I the Priest will be. 590

Make thee a Bed, in Earth, scoopt deep and hollow,  
There rest thine Head; and let thy Labours follow!  
There, all thou art—*Great Man*—will soon be rotten!  
As soon, may all thy works be quite forgotten!  
Yet I consent, if some may useful be, 595  
When thou art dead—to better Men than thee,  
Long may they live—in pity to thy Name;  
Since nought of thee can live, except thy Fame!

(g) "His Friends will grieve!" For, alas! However desirable his Company—He cannot be with them always. Pref. to Disqui. Mat. & Spir. Page 25.



Patience thou art, whatever thou art beside;  
And ah—How much thy Patience has been tried!  
Thy Throne insulted—And thy Spirit griev'd!  
And scarce one Word that thou hast spoke believ'd!

Now of the Seducer I take my leave:  
His Loss may laugh—but Oh, his Friends will grieve (g).

Attend ye Seducers of ev'ry Size,  
The Great—the Small—the Foolish, and the Wise!  
For love of Matter, we beseech each Friend,  
A Brother's funeral Obsequies attend;

A solemn Dirge, let us prepare, and ye

Shall be the Mourners—I the Priest will be.

Make thee a Bed, in Earth, scoop deep and hollow,  
There rest thine Head; and let Labour follow!  
There, all thou art—Gone!—thou soon be rotten!  
As soon, may all thy works be forgotten!



Yet I consent, if some may useful be,  
When thou art dead—to better Men than thee,  
Long may they live—in pity to thy Name;  
Since ought of thee can live, except thy Fame!

"The Friends will grieve." For, alas! however deplorable the Cause—It cannot be otherwise. Poet to William Pitt, 1792. Page 25.



